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“Just Breathe”: Black Women Faculty Negotiating Joy and Hope in Academia

Brittany M. Williams  
*University of Vermont*

Laila McCloud  
*Grand Valley State University*

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“Just Breathe”: Black Women Faculty Negotiating Joy in Academia
Brittany Marie Williams & Laila I. McCloud

Using Angela Davis’ (2016) conversational interview style writing approach, we discuss how we, as two Black women early career scholars, experience, facilitate, and find joy, hope, and optimism in the face of hostility in academe. In tandem with songs of promise and perseverance by Black women creatives, we reveal how music connects to and helps to provide color for our professional and personal journeys, often contextualizing how we understand, negotiate, and persist within our chosen profession. With some consideration to the soundtracks of our lives, three major questions guided our writing: (1) Where within your teaching and research do you facilitate and experience joy?; (2) How does being a Black woman faculty member influence and/or shift how you think about joy within the academy?; and (3) How has the current system enabled you to positively and effectively negotiate hope and joy (e.g. flexibility, summer off, etc.)?

*Keywords:* Black Women Faculty; Higher Education and Student Affairs; Faculty Development; Workplace Issues

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*Brittany M. Williams, Ph.D., is an Assistant Professor of Higher Education and Student Affairs Administration at the University of Vermont. Williams critically explores career development and workplace issues in student affairs, racial identity development, social class on campus, and the nexus of education and health for Black women students and college graduates. She is a 2022 National Academy of Education (NAEd)/Spencer Postdoctoral Fellowship awardee.*

*Laila McCloud, PhD (she/her) is an Assistant Professor of Higher Education at Grand Valley State University in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Dr. McCloud’s research uses critical theories and methods to explore professional and academic socialization of Black college students and student affairs professionals.*
“Just Breathe”: Black Women Faculty Negotiating Joy and Hope in Academia

All around me everywhere
Seems like nothing but despair
Confusion disillusion hanging in the air
Global melancholy smears a stain across the sky
Somewhere right now someone’s crying
I just don’t why,
But I gotta believe
That this ain’t the end of the road
This is all a dream until you believe
And you gotta know the stories still to be told
Just breathe, remember to breathe
– Lalah Hathaway, “Breathe”

We (Brit and Laila) are, for better or worse, chronically on social media. And in being so, we’ve realized that much of the prevailing attitudes about our field and broader profession writ large is that *academia is a lost cause*. To a degree, those who espouse these sentiments are telling the truth. Numerous scholars have illuminated how Black women faculty experience hyper-marginalization and hypervisibility within academe (Davis & Brown, 2017; Haynes et al., 2020; Patton & Catching, 2009; Pittman, 2021). That is, Black women faculty are expected to be superheroes to flailing and under-resourced institutions, dynamic teachers and advisors to students who question our legitimacy, and actively engaged in professional and local communities all while lacking the necessary support services and structures to deliver on these lofty goals. While these expectations are our reality, they don’t illuminate a full picture of what the academy can be for Black women who carve out space for themselves and one another.

We are both aware of research on faculty expectations as professors in higher education and student affairs graduate programs who study the experiences of Black women and girls (Brit) and the scholarship of teaching and learning (Laila). It is because we know this work and (un)cover this work that we also find value in exploring the joy and possibilities of the professoriate. As we gathered to think about how we negotiate joy in academia, we immediately turned to Lalah Hathaway’s *Breathe*. Hathaway’s song is a vocal testimonial that despite the prevailing difficulties, one must continue to press on. And pressing on is part of what we have done and continue to do in our journey toward tenure and promotion as early career scholars. Researchers have long highlighted how Black music functions as a site of love and protest (Randolph & Allen, 2020). In this piece, we use our stories and Black music to underscore why we remain committed to our work in a profession and discipline that has a documented history and ongoing practice of hostility toward Black women.
We follow the conversational interview approach Angela Davis (2016) uses in *Freedom is a Constant Struggle*, wherein she illuminates relationships between historical and contemporary struggles of state violence in the U.S. and globally. Davis’ text uncovers how broader systems and structures of violence are not incidents in isolation but interconnected in the human struggle for liberation. That is—the pain, struggle, and issues of violence beyond the academy are also reflected within and by the academy, because colleges and universities are institutions, and institutions, like systems, are committed to self-survival. Against the backdrop of these practices, and full awareness that the academy as an institution and system will not love us back, we still choose joy, hope, and happiness. Mirroring Davis’ (2016) approach, we use the following sections to push forward and share how we intentionally engage a pedagogy of joy as Black women faculty in higher education and student affairs graduate preparation programs.

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**Laila: Where do you facilitate and experience joy in your teaching and research? Are there songs or music connected with these feelings?**

**Brit:** As I think about my research and teaching, I envision my scholarship and learning spaces as ones of optimism wherein critiques exist out of love. For instance, as a co-founder of the hashtag, digital movement, and call to action #CiteAStista, I have always said that citations are political (Williams & Collier, 2022). And if we hold this to be accurate, then syllabi are also political. Syllabi are the guiding documents that dictate how we teach, what we teach, and whose truths and stories we teach. Within this, we as faculty can make selections that either reify or disrupt the primary stories we encounter across the educational trajectory. Meaning, I have a personal, social, and moral obligation to think intentionally and with care about who and whose ideals, voices, and stories I center in my learning environments.

I use my classrooms as spaces where the knowledge production of scholars of color are not only integral but required. My decisions of what, when, and how to teach are carefully crafted not only around the learning outcomes and national best practices in the profession—but also around how I can help render visible scholarship and experiences that have too long been relegated to the margins. In choosing to center scholars of color, scholarship of consequence, and maintaining rigorous and reachable goals for my students, I believe my learning spaces cultivate hope and joy because they elevate the not only stories and experiences to which our increasingly diverse student bodies respond, but also because it enables my students to see themselves, their stories, and the world they know as a form of true knowledge production and bearing.

In her seminal work *On Spiritual Strivings*, Dillard (2006) puts forth a concept of *endarkened feminist epistemology* suggesting that many Black women engage the academy in culturally rooted ways to “serve humanity and to become [themselves] more fully human in the process” (pp. 68). Dillard’s framing of Black women educators requires that we, that is, you and me as Black women, must be true
to ourselves to do this as fully and wholly as possible. In seeking to answer Dillard’s call to remember, I have used my classrooms as spaces where the voices of women of color, generally and Black women specifically, are highlighted, centered, and held as knowledgeable.

Indeed, my choices remind me of Mickey Guyton’s hit song “Remember her Name,” wherein she sings—

Remember the fire, Remember her face
She felt the storm and danced out in the pouring rain
Remember her laughing, Through all the pain
Remember the girl that didn’t let anything get in her way
Remember her name... Remember her name

These lyrics are words of empowerment and hope. And they remind me that part of what facilitates my happiness is in helping students who’ve been relegated to the margins of the margins to experience seeing themselves finally, and those like them are reflected as an integral rather than an ancillary part of an academic curriculum. Guyton’s lyrics and Dillard’s call together reflect precisely what I endeavor to cultivate in my classrooms: for students to know, say, and remember the names of those before them who make learning and critical thinking possible. It’s also why their assignments reflect creativity and diversification— it’s not just papers. It’s visuals, graphics, podcasts, case studies, and so many ways to facilitate, honor, and encourage learning.

Dillard writes that so much of Black women’s teaching is not only a practice, but this sort of spiritual undertaking where we’re trying to merge who we are with how we are in the classroom, and within this, about remembering, right? We’re not learning how to teach from people whose pedagogy doesn’t align with us... people who don’t reflect ours... Instead, we’re learning to remember to trust ourselves; what we’ve always known is a good way of teaching. So, it’s multilayered— in that I experience joy from helping students see themselves where they haven’t, in building a learning environment that is more reflective of the country and global society we live in, and then in standing firmly in becoming an educator and pedagogue in ways that feel most natural and useful to me— not those that I’m told to mirror and reflect that might be steeped in whiteness.

Brit: I’ve said a mouthful. What about you? Where in your teaching and research do you facilitate and experience joy? Are there songs or music that connect with these feelings?

Laila: When I introduce students to the field of higher education and student affairs, I typically use a track and field analogy of running hurdles. I propose that student affairs policy and practice often requires that college students run and jump over a series of hurdles to reach their goals. I argue that practitioners are often aware of the hurdles, but instead of examining why the hurdles exist or removing them, we give the students higher-quality shoes to run and jump over them. After sharing this analogy, I then pose a variety of questions that we will use to think about the existence of the
hurdles within higher education and the resources students need to get over them. This analogy helps students connect the dots for the work we are going to engage in for the semester.

My style of teaching reminds me of R&B remixes of the late 90s and early 2000s. Think of Destiny’s Child’s “No No No”. The original version is a slow song, then Wyclef Jean remixed it into a fast, club version. Both versions are inspiring and joyful in their own way, but completely different ways of presenting the same lyrics. This style of teaching is very labor intensive as it requires me to have multiple reference points for my students. Students consistently ask me to help them make connections between theory and their practice. I gently push back and pose the question to them, “what does this look like when a student walks into your office with an issue?”. This delicate dance between me as an instructor and the student as the learner requires both of us to ask different questions. The result is joyful because as an instructor I know that I have created an environment of trust and the student demonstrates their ability to make the connections between the theory or concepts and their application.

I see the classroom environment as a space where we can ask different questions to reimagine higher education. For example, student affairs policy and practice assume that racially marginalized students struggle to find academic and social success on college campuses. I encourage my students to think about what about the campus environment promotes the challenges that racially marginalized students experience. This reframe of the responsibility for student success requires a different level of effort for student affairs educators. In my classroom, we wrestle with these types of questions to find innovative solutions. I often ask my students, “when do undergraduate students get to just be students versus being responsible for helping the institution understand how to serve them?” I find joy and hope in the ways my students respond to the questions I pose and when they generate their own questions based upon the issues we engage with. Higher education is a site of struggle. However, in my desire to imagine a future that is steeped in joy, I must push myself and my students to ask different questions and come up with different solutions to address century-old problems.

I also find joy in seeing another way of thinking, being, and doing about our work. Each year I have a new cohort of students who bring their unique experiences to the course material and assignments. This requires me to teach the same class in a new way. The course readings may need to be revisited to keep up with evolving research. The course assignments may need to be tweaked to allow for new ways for students to demonstrate learning. Course lectures and in-class activities need help students make tangible connections. This type of reimagining of my courses is exciting because it means that we are constantly growing in our understanding of how to create equitable campus climates.

**Brit:** I love your comment on imagining a future steeped in joy. It makes me wonder how might being a Black woman faculty member influence and/or shift how you think about hope and joy within and beyond the academy?
Laila: The first thing that comes to my mind in response to this question is, “can you be joyous when you’re tired?” In the chorus of the song, Clarity, DOE sings -

Be you, be you, you be you
You be you, you be you, you be you
Mm, if they leave, let them go
Be you, be you, you be you
If they stay, then you know, then you know, then you know
You be you, you be you, you be you
That you’re loved, that you’re loved, that you’re loved
Be you, be you, you be you
You be you, you be you, you be you
Hey, yeah
Be you, be you, you be you
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ooh
Be you

As a Black woman professor, all I can do is be myself. In this instance, I define joy as freedom. The freedom to think about how I show up in academic spaces. We frequently talk about professionalism within higher education, and all of the definitions and examples seem limiting for how I look and move. As a Black woman professor, I am consistently compared to faculty who do not look and move like me. So, my sense of joy and hope do not exist within the academy unless I create it and define it for myself. The first thing I do when I arrive in my classroom is play music. The music is meant to reflect the energy I want to fill the space. More often than not the music is late 1990s or early 2000s R&B or hip hop. This is the music that reminds me of my time as an undergraduate student. Over the years, I’ve witnessed my student’s surprise by my music selection. However, when I ask them if they have any music suggestions, they rarely offer them, instead they want to listen to the playlist I’ve curated. I do not dig deeper to ask them their thoughts about what I play, but just offer it as a moment to demonstrate who I am as a person beyond their instructor. The music I play in the classroom is one way that I bring joy into the physical space.

The fatigue I mentioned comes from the labor I have to expend to create joy. As we’ve previously discussed, it is not readily available and requires a great deal of intentionality and creativity to create. When I first began teaching, I used to worry about the perceptions of my music choices. Especially since the majority of my students are white, and white women specifically. The management of other people’s assumptions and/or expectations is tiresome. So being me is joyful but it does come with an energy tax that I have to be mindful of in academic spaces.

One thing that has helped me think about joy in the academy is my academic community. As faculty, our productivity is constantly evaluated in a myriad of ways such as the promotion and tenure
process to peer review from journal editorial boards. These types of evaluation have been known to create a sense of unhealthy competition. The quantitative measurements of success can become loud if you do not have a way to buffer the sound. In an attempt to reject this type of competition, I have been intentional about being in community with people I call my academic Avengers. Similar to the Marvel comic characters, everyone in my community has a unique set of talents and abilities that are necessary to protect our collective joy. I have intentionally developed relationships with other Black women and individuals who do not share my social identities. This diversity of Avengers has allowed me to understand my work and interactions with others through a lens otherwise unavailable. There are Avengers that help me figure out how to respond to misogynoristic emails. While others help me think strategically about what projects I should give my time and energy to. Together this community has helped me carve out and protect my academic lane.

*Laïla: What about you? How does being a Black woman faculty member influence and/or shift how you think about hope and joy both within and beyond the academy? Does that connect to any music you enjoy?*

**Brit:** I still remember the first time I heard Whitney Houston and Brandy duet, *Impossible/It's Possible* in Rodgers and Hammerstein’s *Cinderella*. While the song asks viewers to envision possibilities that require great imagination, it’s also a metaphor for how I think about my options within this profession. In many ways, when I hear them sing “Impossible, things are happening every day,” I consider how a first-gen Black woman from a low-income community, severely underfunded schools, who lacked access to the full range of prep and developmental tools many of my peers had for college could still end up where I am today. And that isn’t to say that being an academic is the end all be all, but it would be disingenuous to suggest that there isn’t some prestige associated with this career. I’m still startled by learning that half of all faculty members have a parent who is a professor— even if that parent isn’t transferring as much capital to them on their faculty journeys as they may like. It’s still a different experience.

Being a Black women faculty member has changed how I think about what parts of me I’m willing to shapeshift and give up to belong, to matter, to be okay. You know— I actually had someone ask me the other day, “why are Black people so obsessed with designers,” and I immediately responded: that’s not a Black people thing, it’s an American thing. For one— what makes it stand out among Black people is that we’re gonna pull a *drip or drown* or *stay dressed to impress* not only because it’s part of our cultural genesis, but also because we don’t have a choice not to. Black women have a 243% higher likelihood of dying in childbirth and pregnancy-related causes, and we are 71% more likely to die from cervical cancer (Martin & Montagne, 2017). Black women also represent 58% of all women living with an HIV/AIDS diagnosis in the U.S., a dramatic overrepresentation compared to our relative population status (CDC, 2018). Ultimately, given we as Black women are likely to be ignored by
medical professionals or not taken seriously, given we are expected to be perfect or near perfect at work, given we are treated as if we must save or be saviors to everyone, what choices do we have? In nearly every possible scenario, our survival depends on how we perform, communicate, and embody ourselves. We have to look a particular way if we want a normal chance at survival.

So being in the academy has changed how I think about hope and joy beyond the academy because you must know the rules before you can break them. I know more of the social rules, I know what’s expected of me and what I choose to force people to accept of me. I can have a conversation about where I summered or how I went to learn about diving and dive training in Bonaire... I can do these things and do them dressed down, but that dressed down is in Athleta and Lululemon, which signals to the person across from me some classed things that are uniquely tied to, yet not interchangeable, with race. And while it’s easy to say, people shouldn’t have to know about or do any of this– I live on planet earth and in the United States of America, no less. “BFFR” as my students say¹.

So, being in academe has armed me with the knowledge that is gate kept behind journal paywalls or otherwise passed down through familial socialization that my ancestors were prevented from obtaining. Now that I’ve made it to this other place, I get to define myself better for myself, to share what I’ve learned as I continue onward, and to lean into the possible things that happen for my family and me every day because of my chosen career path. For instance, I recently did a piece on stress among Black women by educational attainment (Williams et al., 2022). We found that a college education does offer some protection to Black women. As someone chronically online, I still remember when a Black woman would announce being pregnant, and every other reply was like, “Black women be dying; you gone’ die girl” or some other horrible things. Which, as a childfree by choice person I found absolutely ridiculous because the stress of being a Black pregnant woman is already high enough without people weaponizing the information to scare rather further than inform. Anyway– this is my roundabout way of saying; I choose to accept the data in my paper. I recognize it’s probably the very codeswitching I’m talking about now and the negotiation skills I’m alluding to here that make this possible.

I choose to lean back into my southern accent, which only sometimes appears because I spent years suppressing it because people wrongly assumed southern equals stupid. I chose to learn the dynamics and expectations of formal dining and am willing to ascribe to and disrupt them as often and as little as I please. All of this was about how this changed me outside the academy, but the fact that someone like me can even exist here is part of it too. I’m known to pull up to a meeting with a university president blasting Trina or Missy or Meg thee Stallion. “laughs” Or even to create counter-cultural spaces within academia like #CiteAsista and even what I did with you (Laila) in the formation of #SisterPhD. It’s cyclical, I guess.

¹ “BFFR” means “Be f*cking for real” in shorthand.
Brit: I feel like everything I’ve just said connects to what you mentioned earlier about how all you can do is be yourself. With that in mind, I’m thinking about the many valid critiques of academe’s existing structure. How has the current system enabled you to negotiate hope and joy positively and effectively (e.g., flexibility, summer off, etc.)?

Now let me pray to keep you from
The perils that will surely come
See life for you my prince has just begun
And I thank you for choosing me
To come through unto life to be
A beautiful reflection of his grace
See I know that a gift so great
Is only one God could create
And I’m reminded every time I see your face
To Zion, Lauryn Hill

Laila: I recognize that I have a unique privilege in that I am the daughter of a college professor. I grew up watching my mother balance the demands of teaching, research, and service while raising my siblings and I. While I knew it wasn’t easy, I did not fully grasp the extent of her labor until I became a mother and then a professor. However, her career choice now makes sense to me in regards to the flexibility that the professoriate provides. I remember my mother’s physical presence in many of my school activities. I remember having access to her in ways my peers didn’t because of their parent’s work schedules. Through my mother I learned that motherhood and being an academic weren’t mutually exclusive.

As a single parent, the flexibility that academia provides has been invaluable to my professional and personal goals. I’ve been a mother longer than I’ve been an academic. This reality has shaped how I approach my teaching, research, and service in very important ways. Being a mother is more important to me than being a professor and I’ve communicated that in very clear ways. The response to my priorities has been neutral. I’ve never felt that I needed to compromise my motherhood in order to be successful. When I was in graduate school, there were numerous times where I had to bring my son to class because I was not able to secure childcare. Thankfully I had professors who understood my situation and did not blink when my child walked into the room. As a professor, I extend this opportunity to my own students because I know parenting does not end when you step into a classroom. My son attended his first professional conference at the age of two. Over the years he’s had the experience of traveling with me to conferences to explore numerous cities that I didn’t have the resources to take him to otherwise. I like to think that I’m modeling for my students and colleagues, how to blend parenting and academia in a healthy way.
As an instructor, I have talked about the ways my child influences the way I design my courses. I explain to students that one day my son will be a college student and I often think about the experiences he might have based upon the intersections of his race and gender. I share that institutional policies and practices often dictate how he will engage with the campus environment and how the environment will receive him. As emerging educators, they have an opportunity to interrogate those policies and practices that presume my son’s (and those who look like him) deficits. While this positioning feels personal and self-serving, there is an opportunity for my students to ask different questions about the assumptions they make about Black men (in this case) on college campuses. When student affairs professionals see my son, they don’t know that he’s the child and grandchild of college professors. They don’t know that he attended professional conferences as a toddler. Their first reaction will be in response to his physical appearance. What questions can they ask to ensure that Black boys and men have a safe and joyful educational experience on their campus? This type of reimagining of a campus environment is an opportunity for joy for me and my students.

Laila: What does being a faculty member mean for the way you want to live your life? How does it allow you to be present for the people and things that mean the most to you?

Brit: The academy is trying for me even in my joy. I gotta be honest about that. And I am also moved by the options this job can provide. When I think of my life, I hear Gloria Gaynor’s, *I Will Survive*. Especially the part where she says, “Oh, as long as I know how to love, I know I’ll stay alive...” These lyrics remind me of the options I gain by being in the academy because I feel I can often put work and my family together— even if it’s not the best possible scenario.

For instance, irrespective of what I am doing, I always spend summers with my family in Georgia. At this stage, I don’t see myself ever taking on a role longer than ten months a year for this reason, even though my academic career has taken me on a winding path, and I’ve received numerous year-round job offers. I always turn down those roles because Atlanta must be my home base alongside my parents and sister for game nights, Sunday dinners, binging and catching up on shows, occasional vacations, etc. I don’t know many people who can take months at a time and spend it with family without being in a 100% remote capacity, and even then— I don’t have to work the same simultaneously to these summer jaunts with my family.

Yes, I do some writing and grant work over the summer. Yes, I should be paid for it; most often, I am not. And— I get to set the parameters around how much of it and how often I will do it because it’s part of the uncompensated expectations of this career. And in the summer, it always comes secondary to my quality time with those I love. If Covid-19 has taught us nothing else, it should have reminded us of how short and precious life truly is. I don’t know that when I’m on my deathbed or dying, I’ll think, “dang, I really wish I had finished that journal article.” Let’s be serious, who cares? It will be important to me that I take time out with my family, and probably that I wish I had done more
of it. And I want to model that ethic of care not only for my students but also for emerging Black women faculty as well.

I am also happy with this career choice because I can invite my family to be a part of my work. They join in on my academic presentations when they’re virtual. My mom reads the page proofs for many of my articles and often asks me better questions about my work than the reviewers… There’s a way that I’ve chosen not only to be an academic but to do this work in an accessible and useful way so that my whole family is part of that process. And it’s exciting. And for me, if I center the love I have for my family first, and I am able to be present for them, then I am at my happiest, fullest, and best version of me.

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Staying Here is A Choice

As evidenced across our narratives, we, as Black women faculty, have the agency to make the professoriate work for our lives as we have and continue to construct them. While the academy itself isn’t radical, nor is being a faculty member; how we approach centering our Black womanhood, decisions about the facilitation of teaching and learning, family, and negotiation of our identities as early career faculty and so much more does uncover sites of resistance. Within our resistance and where we are is where joy, hope, and optimism live.

In her groundbreaking text, Black Feminist Thought, Patricia Hill Collins (2015) points us to how Black women have produced social theory outside of the academy. Collins notes how Black women have engaged in theoretical formations through the examples of Sojourner Truth down to Sister Souljah. Similarly, in Tressie McMillan Cottom’s Thick (2019), Black women have had to “fix our feet” through our writing to make sense of our social locations in the world. In our work and in our classrooms, we bring different ways of knowing into the space. Our writing and teaching herein reflects that, and that is a form of joy in itself. Together, these Black women thinkers, musicians, activists, and educators remind us of how we all play a role in the broader struggle for liberation and freedom. What might academia look like if we forced joy, hope, and/or optimism at the center? How might we disrupt the self-sustaining systems of academia that have tried and continue to push for collective liberatory practices as Davis (2016) requests of us within the world more broadly.

While the testimonies we share in this piece are our own and the songs reflected herein are, in a way, the soundtrack to our lives, we know that with each generation of Black women in the professoriate, how we can do, be, and exist, within and beyond the boundaries of acceptability and respectability will shift. For this reason, we feel compelled to write a love letter, akin to Aaliyah’s Four Page Letter but not quite as long, to the next generations of Black women in academe. For the Black women who will undoubtedly make decisions that make us uncomfortable, that push us in our thinking and emotion, who will traverse the academy in ways we never thought reasonable or possible. For you.
A Love Letter for the Next Generation of Black Women Faculty

Dear Sister,

You are about to embark on a journey that will change your life. It will change the way you see yourself and your relationship to others around you. There will be many competing priorities that will demand your time and energy. There will be people that are surprised by your existence and success. However, you were made for this moment. You come from a lineage that has prepared you for this very moment. You also have a community that is waiting to cheer you on.

Nothing that happens to you is by happenstance. In fact, it is because of the very choices you have made that you are here. The questions you ask are why you belong here. The power of your voice is what will keep you here. Negotiating the academy is not an easy task. And you have and must find other Black women to be alongside you for this journey. They should be sisters who affirm you. Who remind you that you earned your place here. Who can help you to protect you so that you don’t treat everything like a big C crisis.

And in moments where it feels that isn’t working, when your therapist or other trusted professional isn’t cutting, remember music is part of your DNA. It has been and continues to be the lifeflode of our articulation of our social locations. So, when you need to switch up your academic playlist, consider listening to not only the songs we’ve shared throughout this article but also those listed below–

1. Energy, Beyonce (feat. BEAM)
2. Her, Megan Thee Stallion
3. Best Day Ever, Rissi Palmer
4. No Time for It, Fantasia
5. Moment 4 Life, Nicki Minaj
6. Pressure, Koffee
7. Ciara, Level Up
8. Scuse Me, Lizzo
9. Still Standing, Monica (feat. Ludacris)
10. Do What I Do, Lady Bri

And sister, if you remember nothing else, remember to breathe.

Additional Resources

A Black Women Faculty Joy Playlist

- We have created a playlist with as many of the songs we use (or allude to) as available on the Spotify platform (Williams & McCloud, 2023). The playlist is entitled *TVC: Black Women Faculty Joy* and is hyperlinked [here](#).
Reflection Questions

- Where do you experience or facilitate joy in your lives through the academy?
- How will you adjust your perspectives to (re)center joy when discussing your role, work, and academic contributions?
References


https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2XNPyvaddmaO6RPhnrlrNI?si=d9631eacae174cda